

SONGS · OF · THE
MAKERS · OF
✠ CANADA ✠



JOHN DANIEL LOGAN



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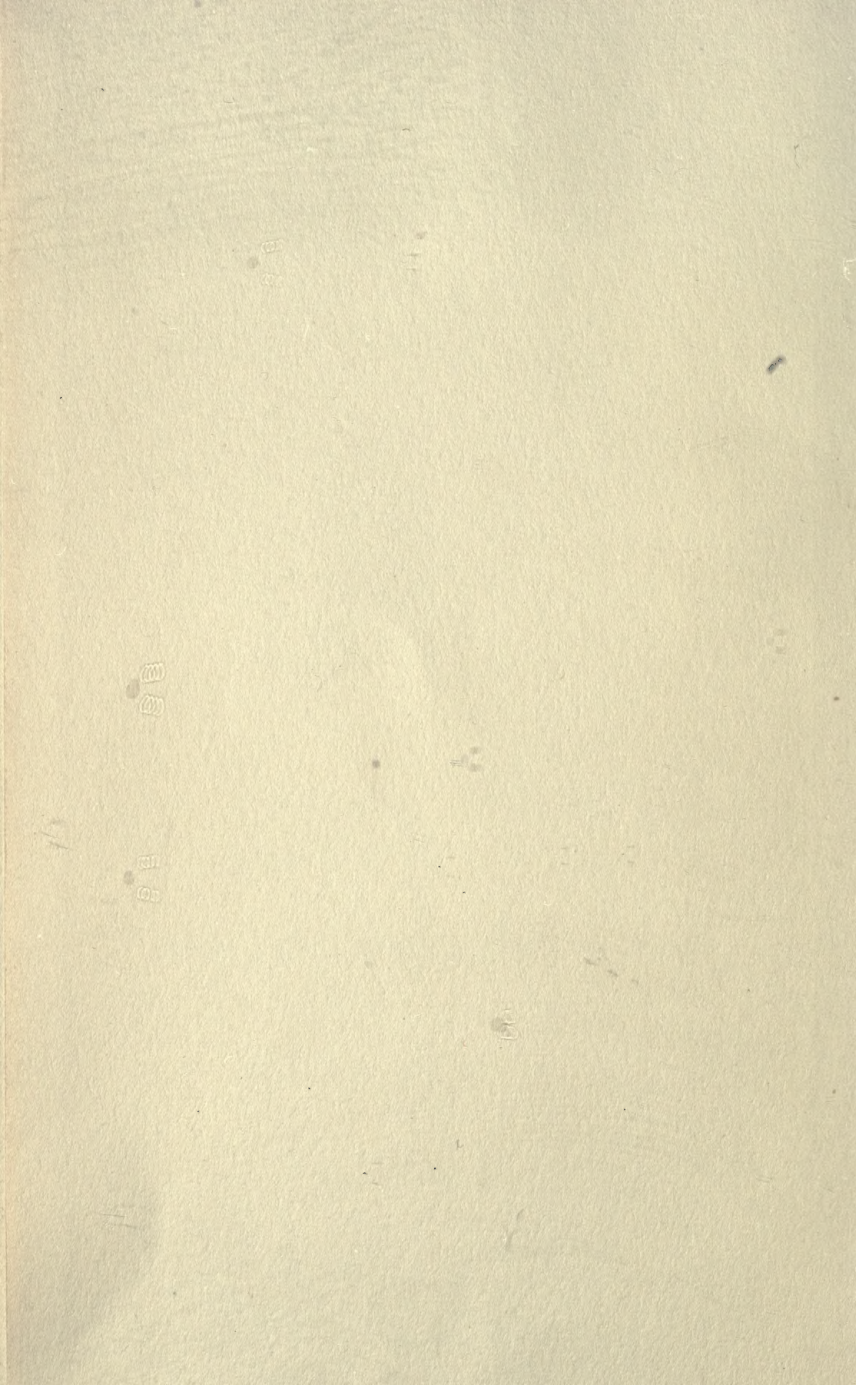
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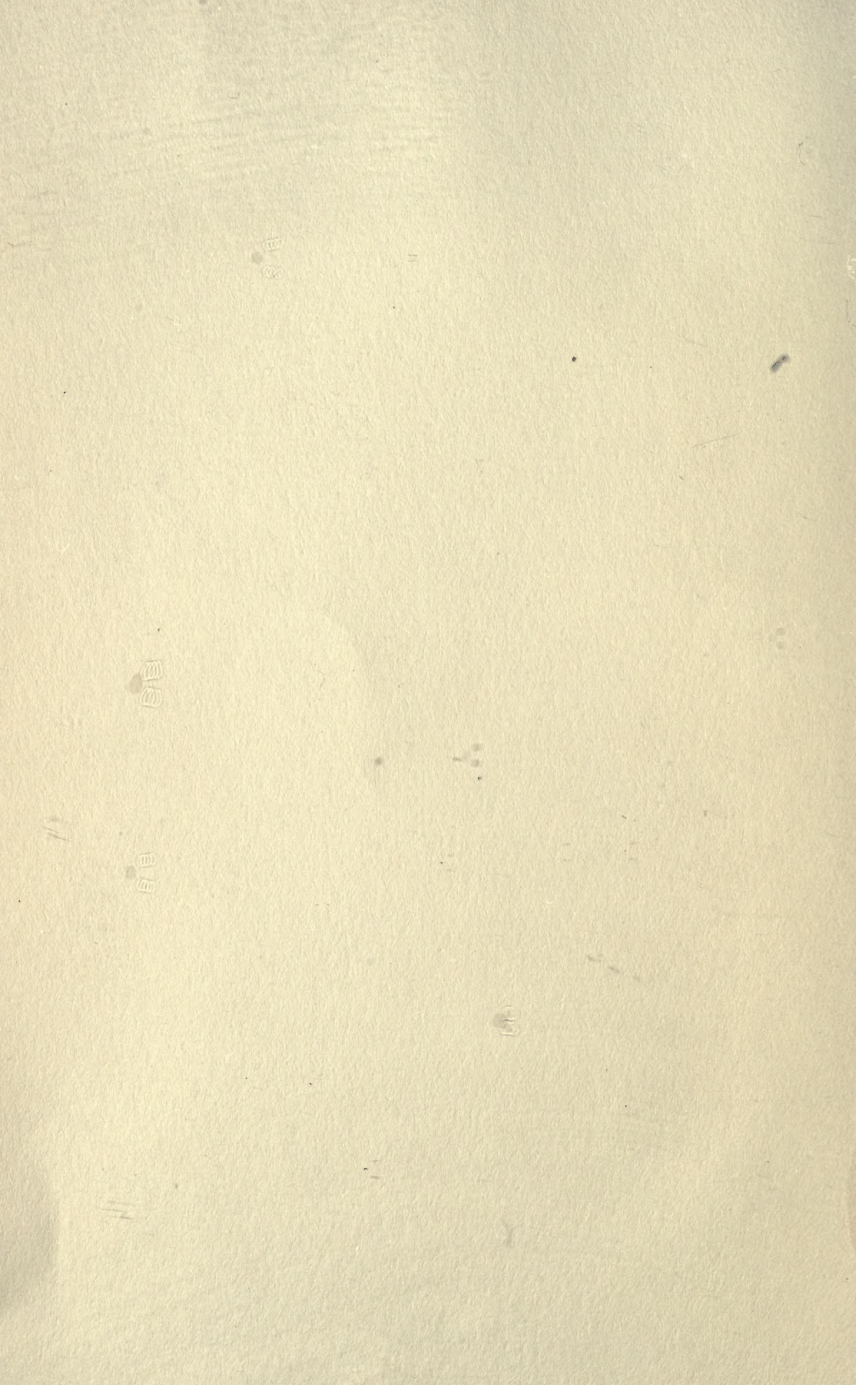


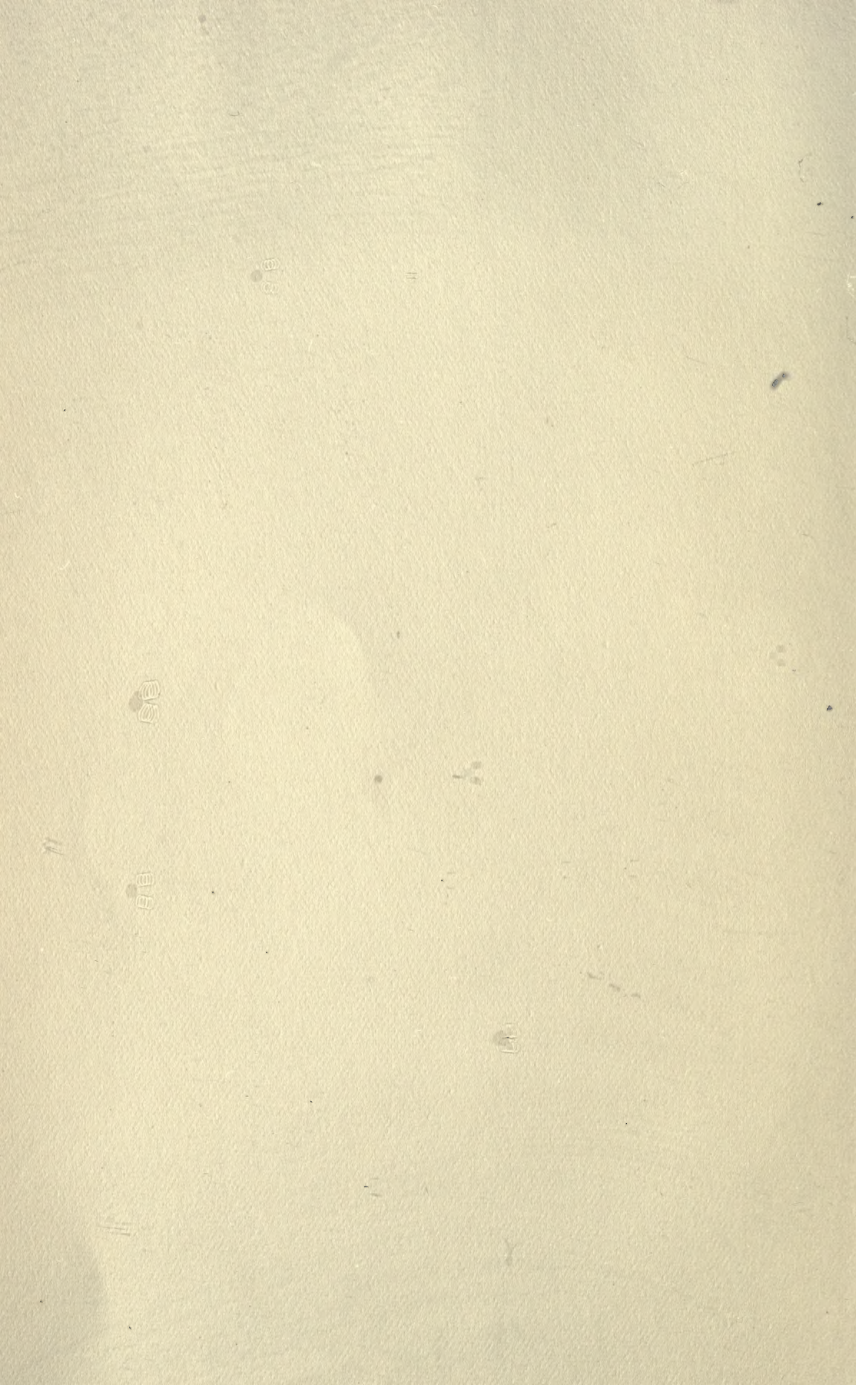
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SONGS OF THE MAKERS OF CANADA
AND
OTHER HOMELAND LYRICS.



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SONGS
OF THE
MAKERS OF CANADA
AND
OTHER HOMELAND LYRICS

With an Introductory Essay on

The Genius and Distinction of
Canadian Poetry

BY

428640
18.10.44

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

Author of "Preludes : Sonnets and Other Poems," Etc.

Foreword by John Boyd

Cover Design and Ornaments by Walter R. Duff

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1911



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TO
WILLIAM ERNEST THOMPSON
AND
WILLARD SUTHERLAND THOMPSON

DEAREST FRIENDS OF MY COLLEGE DAYS
IN THE CITY BY THE SEA

1887—1893

SINCERE IN AFFECTION—HUMAN IN ADMONITION—
UNSWERVINGLY LOYAL



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FOREWORD.

These are the soul of thy renown,
The gems immortal in thy crown,
The suns that never shall go down!
—*McLachlan.*

NEARLY half a century ago the writer of an introductory essay to a collection of Canadian poems used these words: "A national literature is an essential element in the formation of national character. It is not merely the record of a country's mental progress; it is the expression of its intellectual life, the bond of national unity and the guide of national energy." What a marvellous change has been wrought since those words were written! What were then the disunited provinces of Canada are now parts of a mighty Confederation, a national spirit prevails where sectionalism then reigned, and to-day Canada stands before the world as a young giant. That the work of Canadian writers both in verse and prose has been a most important factor in the fostering of a national spirit, and that it will be more and more so, is indisputable.

Foreword.

And the words that Edmund Clarence Stedman used in reference to the literature of the United States are equally applicable to Canadian literature: "One who underrates the significance of our literature, prose or verse, as both the expression and the stimulant of national feeling is deficient in that critical insight which can judge even of its own day, unwarped by personal taste or deference to public impression."

Among Canadian writers of the present day Dr. J. D. Logan, through his scholarly attainments and his literary genius, deservedly holds a high place; and the present series of historical poems in celebration of the makers of Canada will undoubtedly enhance his reputation. The deeds of those who have helped to make Canada what it is to-day should be a source of pride and inspiration to all Canadians, and by enshrining them in the "form divine" of poetry Dr. Logan has rendered a patriotic service that is worthy of the highest commendation and that entitles him to the cordial appreciation of the public.

JOHN BOYD.

EDITORIAL OFFICES,

The Gazette, Montreal,

November 15, 1911.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE verses in this volume signalize the Canadian self-consciousness of a pregnant destiny, and envisage the spirit of Canadian democracy. With the exception of the Prologue, the Epilogue and the little sheaf of Lyrics, the "Songs" are fourteen-line poems in the so-called Shakspearean sonnet-form, but were not conceived and constructed as sonnets as such.

I remark this to save our polite detectives of literature from the subtle discovery of what is a suspicious, though really innocent, literary diversion, and our myopic critics from the painful necessity of elaborating the obvious. Personally, I regard the Introductory Essay, not in itself, but in its bearing on the future history of Canadian Literature, as significant. The interest of the poems is chiefly historical and patriotic. As poetic pabulum they are neither strong meat nor fancy pastry, but the sincere embodiment of thought, sentiment, and emotion well worth expressing, and expressed by one who has chosen to do so in verse rather than in pedestrian prose. The poems are no worse—and no better—in conception and

Author's Preface.

structure than what might be as readily accomplished by any man of education and literary instincts, with a gift of rime and rhythm. The scheme itself and the intermittent composition inevitably caused some repetitions in general conception and in epithets. No one could be more conscious than myself of these defects or inelegancies, but I confess my inability to remove them. The only criticism that would really hurt and that I would really resent would be by anyone who would rank them with the positive banalities of Kipling's verses in the recent joint-history of England. But if the poems, along with the Introductory Essay, at all assist in promoting sane patriotism (which means respect and love for the history and institutions of one's own country, without implying or fostering disrespect for other civilizations), they will have accomplished their purpose and have justified their publication in this little volume.

J. D. L.

PREFATORY SONNET.

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT.

(To Canada and the Future.)

O LATEST Warder of Democracy,
The Elder Nations westward turn their eyes
To mark thy happy, hardy hosts uprise
A mighty people,—self-reliant, free,—
Their souls unstained by foulest sorcery
Of noxious demagogues whose wiles disguise
But sanguine lusts, and whose polluted lies
Besmirk the fairest form of Liberty!

Not with a Titan's strength shalt thou be strong,
Nor build thine empire with mere Might that can;
No kingdom bides whose pillars stand on wrong—
Free first the bonds that bind the Mind of Man,
Then Truth shall triumph (tho the strife be long)
And Earth bloom loveliest since Time began.



**THE GENIUS AND DISTINCTION OF
CANADIAN POETRY.**



INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

THE GENIUS AND DISTINCTION OF CANADIAN POETRY.*

SOME tell us that Canada has no "national" literature. I take these critics at their word, and I remark that, in the sense in which they apply the epithet, no other country has, or has had, a "national" literature.

The question, "Has Canada a national literature?" meaning by that, "Has this country a definitive quantity of imaginative prose and poetry which in substance and form differs wholly from any other literature?" is a nonsense question! One might as well ask, "Do Canadians differ in body and mind wholly from other races on earth?" Just so a literature which were so "national" as to be like no other, would not be human and would therefore not be literature at all; it would be something else and would have to be categorized as a new species of artistic expression.

What these critics are attempting to ask is a quite proper and important question, with a definitive answer,

*This is the companion essay to another on "The Social Basis of American Prose," published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1901.

Introductory Essay.

namely, "Has Canada distinctive literary traditions, methods, achievements and ideals?" Assuredly our country has, and in this article I wish briefly to accomplish two ends: First, I would point out the necessity of someone, properly equipped, writing a literary history of Canada, and how it should be written. Secondly, I would signalize the genius and distinction of Canadian poetry. For the first I shall simply quote from an editorial which, under the caption "Wanted—A Literary History of Canada," I contributed to *The Toronto Sunday World* shortly after the Quebec Tercentenary. In this editorial I said:

GENETIC POINT OF VIEW.

"Our title may not be philologically felicitous, being open to the same objection that purists raise against naming a college for women a female college. But this is the form of caption under which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are issuing a series of treatises on the history of the literatures of the nations—but Canada is not included in the prospectus.

"We shall not wait to argue why there should be a literary history of Canada, but presuming what is really the case, that the material for such a history exists,* we shall point out how it should be written.

"Dr. Archibald MacMurchy has published, through William Briggs, a readable and sensible handbook of Canadian literature. It serves well the purposes of reference, especially for teachers who wish to give their

*See my essay, "The Literary Group of '61," for illustration and proof (*Canadian Magazine*, Oct., 1911).

Introductory Essay.

pupils complementary notes along with their studies of literary texts; and for the general reader, the book is a desirable library volume.

"But this is as far as its value goes; as a compendium, it naturally does not give insight into the evolution and status of Canadian literature. And what we want is a philosophical history of Canadian literature.

"It is not apposite to object that the extant writings of Canadian authors have not enough intrinsic literary worth to make a philosophical history of Canadian literature possible.

"The first question is, 'Does any kind of Canadian literature, which has imagination in it, exist at all?' The answer is in the affirmative. Then the second question must be, 'Is this literature an expression of mind existing under political, social and industrial conditions which are not paralleled in any other nation; how did these conditions come about; how are they to be correlated with the experiences of other English-speaking peoples, and to what future possibilities does this literature point?'

"Grant, for the moment, that Canadian literature is so called only by courtesy (or discourtesy!), then thus to appraise it is to do so by retrovision, and not by the promise it gives of future accomplishment in letters.

"Now, the first condition of writing a philosophical history of literature is the necessity of the writer's evaluating existing works of prose and poetry from two points of view. The philosophical historian must look backward to see how a particular literature came into being, under what conditions it was produced, and he must look forward to see whither it is tending, to what ideal it gives promise of attaining in the process of time.

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"We do not value a youth as insignificant and worthless simply because he is a youth. On the contrary, we value him rightly as a significant creature, by looking back to his physical or natural origin and forward to his perfected manhood in body and mind.

"Just so must we also regard any piece of prose or poetry. When compared with literature which has come to be what it is only after a long process of evolution, Canadian literature may appear insignificant; but, philosophically viewed, the literary child or youth of Canada will be the father of the literary manhood of the Dominion, when, as inevitably must happen, our country shall have grown to its greatest estate.

"A Literary History of Canada, then, can be properly written only by one who first takes this genetico-philosophical point of view about the extant literature of the country.

"But just as the literary history of the United States was not written without considering the social conditions obtaining within the country itself, but also their connections with the social and the literary conditions in England of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so the writer of a Literary History of Canada must imaginatively realize how the literature of the Dominion is not a special and isolated product, but the outcome of definitive conditions within the country as well as of others brought about by racial affinities with the people of the United States and of the United (?) Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"The scale to which a Literary History of Canada should measure may not be here determined. Certainly it need not be so elaborate as that magnificent and truly historical series, 'The Makers of Canada,' which Messrs. Morang & Company have made a worthy record of the

Introductory Essay.

Dominion's great men. But it should be conceived on relatively as grand a scale, and be wrought out with the same philosophical insight and perfected with the same literary truth and beauty."

THE FIRST SIGNIFICANT CANADIAN POET.

I turn now from this general matter to the special question of the genius and distinction of Canadian poetry (British-Canadian, for I regret that I have but an indifferent acquaintance with French-Canadian verse). First, as to the date of the beginnings of Canadian poetry. Before me lies a most curious little volume (5½ in. x 3½ in.), yellow with age, which I opine Dr. MacMurchy has never heard of and which, it is likely, has not a place in our university libraries. The title page of this volume of verse (in Gaelic) reads, "Dain A Chomhnadh Crabhuidh, Le Seumas Macgriogair, Searmonaich an t-Soisgeil An America. With a memoir of the author, by Rev'd D. B. Blair. Pictou: printed by J. D. MacDonald, 1861." That is, roughly translated, "Poems of Spiritual Conflict, by James MacGregor, minister of the Gospel in America" (Nova Scotia). The cover of the volume contains the imprint of three different publishing firms, one at Glasgow, Scotland, one at Edinburgh, and one at London, Eng., and is dated MDCCCXXXII. (1832). The Pictou (Nova Scotia) printer and publisher was the late John Duncan MacDonald, father of E. M. MacDonald, M.P., and of Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A., Pastor of Cowan Ave. Presbyterian Church, Toronto. I am quite at loss, at the present writing, to explain the existence of the two

Introductory Essay.

dates. But from Blair's memoir it appears that all the poems in the volume were written in Nova Scotia, and that, since the author had the degree of D.D. conferred on him by the University of Glasgow, in 1822, "in recognition of his character and claims," and died in 1830, the poems must have been published in Scotland before 1822 and in several editions afterwards up till 1832. Judging by the data to hand, the first edition printed (?) in Canada, was the Nova Scotia edition, dated at Pictou, 1861.*

This James MacGregor, grandfather of James D. MacGregor, present Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, and of James Gordon MacGregor, F.R.S., Professor of Physics, University of Edinburgh, great-grandfather of

*Mr. Justice George Patterson, of New Glasgow, N.S., a great-grandson of the poet, writes me: "I have made use of every opportunity to clear up the discrepancy in dates, but without success. The copy of Dr. MacGregor's poems that I have is dated 1832, published by John Reid & Co., Glasgow. I think there was an earlier edition, published about 1818. He died in 1830, and I am sure there was a volume of his poems published in his lifetime. I haven't seen the edition with preface by Rev. Mr. Blair, but it has occurred to me that it is just the edition of 1832, which was in paper covers, with this preface added,—a sort of Nova Scotian edition of the Scottish one." But this explanation fails. For Mr. Blair's "Preface" is dated at Barney's River, Nova Scotia, 1861, and while described on the title-page as a "Memoir," and dated 1861, the cover-page reads, "With an introduction by D. B. Blair," and still is dated 1832. Now, Mr. Patterson writes that his 1832 edition has no memoir or introduction or preface by Mr. Blair. The discrepancy is not only in the dates, but also in the different wording on the cover and the title-page.

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Robert M. MacGregor, M.P.P. (N.S.) and the great-great-grandfather of Donald Gordon Ross, son of W. D. Ross, general manager of the Metropolitan Bank (Toronto), has the honor and distinction of having been the first *significant* Canadian poet of pre-Confederation days.* True, he was born in Scotland, but he arrived in Nova Scotia, on July 11, 1786, and died at Pictou, N.S., March 1, 1830. So that he lived forty-four years in Canada, and not only wrote his poems in Nova Scotia, but conceived them there and published them for the express purpose both of putting religious history and truth in a delectable garb and of teaching his people in Nova Scotia to appreciate "musical numbers" or poetry. Dr. Blair testifies that MacGregor's verses have "demonstrated the powers of the Gaelic as the language of descriptive and religious poetry. . . . The poems on 'The Gospel,' 'The Complaint,' 'The Righteousness of Christ' and 'The Eulogy of Grace,' are worthy of particular notice as superior

*Some might incline to give this distinction to Oliver Goldsmith (a relative of the author of "The Deserted Village"), who was born in Annapolis County, N.S., in 1787 (a year after the arrival of MacGregor). But Goldsmith's poem, "The Rising Village," was not published till 1825, whereas the first edition of MacGregor's "Dain" was not, in all probability, published earlier than 1818 or later than 1822. Cp. Mrs. C. M. White-Edgar's "A Wreath of Canadian Song," pp. 3 ff., in which, however, MacGregor's name is not mentioned. The literary problem, it must be remembered, is not one of precise priority and nativity, but of significance. From that viewpoint, MacGregor takes first place.

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pieces of poetry, having some passages which are truly beautiful and sublime." (See also MacKenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.")

The diction and form of MacGregor's poems are somewhat derivative, being modeled after the verses of Duncan Ban Macintyre (Donnacha Ban Nan Oran, "Fairhaired Duncan of the Songs"), who undoubtedly excels all other British poets, Gaelic and English, in descriptive power, inimitably so in the presence of nature. The third edition of Macintyre's poems was published in 1804, and the fourth, three years after MacGregor's death. So that since it was the third edition which MacGregor must have read and studied, and since he did not have the volume in hand till some years after 1804, this is an additional proof that MacGregor must have written his poems sometime before 1822, the year in which his missionary and literary work was recognized by the University of Glasgow. (See footnote page 22 for the year 1818 as the probable date of the first edition.)

Dr. MacMurchy is, therefore, mistaken,—altho through no fault of his own—in describing Evan MacColl (1808-1898) as "The Gaelic Bard of Canada." MacColl's "Poems and Songs" ("Chiefly written in Canada") were not published till 1883. James MacGregor was the first pre-Confederation British-Canadian poet, so far as date and place are concerned, and the first Gaelic Bard of Canada. But the first "all-Canadian" poet was Charles Sangster, who was born at Kingston, Ont., 1822, and whose volume, "The St. Lawrence and The Saguenay," 1856, was the first

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book of poems, by a native, to get its inspiration from the homeland.

THE GENIUS OF CANADIAN POETRY.

Mr. Arnold Haultain does not put the point quite aptly when, in a recent essay, he distinguishes Nova Scotia as having contributed "more than its share to Canadian literature." Myself a Nova Scotian, I ought to know what I am talking about when I say that the province by the sea may have contributed relatively more than its share in prose, but I have yet to hear of any Nova Scotian poet who at all begins to rank with Carman or Roberts, and they are natives of the sister province, New Brunswick.

What Mr. Haultain should have said was that the formative force in Canadian literature, as in Canadian civilization, is the Gaelic (Highland and Irish) genius. Dr. MacMurchy will have to agree to this, for by actual count of the men and women treated in his "Handbook of Canadian Literature" I find that out of the 136 poets, poetesses and prose writers at least half either were born in Scotland or Ireland, or are of Keltic descent. The others are English, U. E. Loyalists, naturalized Americans, French and Indian, and so far as racial affinity is concerned the French, too, are Keltic in temperament and psychological genius.

Now, as I have said in the "Epistle in Criticism" introductory to my "Preludes" (a volume of verse), the mind of the Gael or Kelt is distinguished by a peculiar method of apprehending the world. The Gael's perceptions, as the Germans put it, are *anschau-*

Introductory Essay.

lich,—pictorial, his imaginative processes always poetic. The result is that nature is to him no dead, alien thing, but spiritual presences are *felt* to be everywhere,—in the hills, the streams, the mists, the clouds, the sunsets and even in the daisies and the dews. This, then, is the essential formula of the Keltic genius, namely, *a natural and lively sense of divinity in the universe.*

INSPIRED BY NATURAL PIETY.

It is this sense which, as you have noted in your own experience, makes a Highlander and an Irishman “superstitious.” I give this Keltic characteristic a much more appropriate name, the Wordsworthian name, “natural piety.” The Englishman or Sassenach (Saxon), as the Gael calls him, feels divinity present only when he is in church, but nature and the whole universe is the Gael’s church, he feels divinity—spiritual presences—all about him and always. It is because nature is thus a living thing to him, as it were a person with whom he can commune, that nature is also enthrallingly beautiful to him.

I will show how this is so by quoting an incident which Fiona Macleod relates in “The Winged Destiny.” This Anglo-Keltic impressionist says that once in a remote island off the North of Scotland a lad came, at sunrise, upon a very old Highlander standing looking seaward, with his bonnet removed from his long white locks, and upon his speaking to the old man was answered thus (in Gaelic), “Every morning like this I take my hat off to the beauty of the world.”

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That Keltic attitude is what is meant by natural piety. If you will examine the best of our Canadian poetry, you will find it inspired considerably by the Gaelic sense of divinity in the universe. But alas, save in Lampman's and some of Carman's and Roberts' nature poetry, you will find in it the absence of the more delicate qualities of the Gael's poetic vision of nature. There is an element of hard, brittle, abstract thought in it; that is, a substitution of what the poet *thinks* he *ought* to say for what under his temperamental attitudes to nature and life he *feels* impelled to say.

If you wonder why this is so, let me tell you the reason: it is all due to the bane of Calvinism; that is to say, the system of theology which teaches the doctrine of an absentee God, who sits throned in heaven, and is only in the heart of man "on occasion" and never in nature, except as having created the world. The opposite view, as you know, is described as paganism, superstition. So be it, then, to the devotees of a creed and metaphysic long ago outworn. To the Gàel, God—or spirit—is everywhere, or as Tennyson put it:

"Closer is he than breathing,
Nearer than hands and feet."

The genius of our poetry is Keltic, and this means that in inspiration it has the finest essence of poetry, whether the craftsmanship of its poets and poetesses is superlative or not. From James MacGregor (who wrote in Gaelic) to Carman, Roberts, D. C. Scott, Wilfrid W. Campbell and Jean Blewett (a descendant

Introductory Essay.

of Duncan Ban Macintyre, the great Gaelic Nature Poet), who write in English, there has been but one chief inspirational power in Canadian poetry, namely, the imaginative vision of the Kelt, and had this been unhampered by a noxious and effete system of theological dogma, Canadian poetry would have been much nearer to-day the upper slopes of Parnassus.

THE DISTINCTION OF CANADIAN POETRY.

Canadian poetry is such definitively, not because its authors or its material (subject, theme) or even its form, color and music, are Canadian. It is such only by virtue of some distinctive "note" in it. That note is not Imperialism, as some allege; it is not Individual Nationhood, as others submit; it is not even Confederate Unity, as others say. It is this and this alone,—*an inexpugnable Faith in ourselves.*

The very conditions of Canadian life before and after the date of the Confederacy created this Faith. It is not enough in explanation of this distinctive spirit to say, as Mr. Lighthall does, that the "virility of fighting races" is in our blood and therefore Courage is in our poetry. James MacGregor in the frozen and unfriendly wilds of Nova Scotia, more than a half-century before the Confederacy, was not fighting anything except nature and himself. It was not courage that he had so much as the sense that God was with him in a great work,—not so much virility and courage as a supreme faith in himself and the outcome of his task.

Introductory Essay.

And so if you will examine the best Canadian poetry, whether it be hymns, nature songs, or war lyrics, you will find an undertone of a consciousness of self-controlled destiny, which passes from Cheerful Faith (before Confederation) to Triumphant Exultation (since Confederation). It was this Faith that stayed our pioneer forefathers amidst a thousand hardships in the wilds. It was this Faith that kept our minds sane in days of political turmoil and civil insurrection. And it is this Faith which now guides us, with undoubted energy and serenity, onward to a humane and happy federation of many races in a land still unassoiled and free. Our poetry may not be great in finished perfection of form, in subtle nuances of thought and emotion; but it is of high rank in these social qualities, —sane and cheerful Faith in our ideals, restrained but inexpugnable Self-confidence in our power eventually to effect, undirected and unassisted by others, a genuinely mundane, human, and practical Democracy, and Courage to undertake the accomplishment of our predestined task.



SONGS OF THE MAKERS OF CANADA.



Songs of the Makers of Canada.

PROLOGUE.

I.

ODE TO CANADA.

HARK how the European throngs
The flag of anarchy
Upraise in blood, and cry:
"O unto us the earth belongs
And kings must die;
Long have we suffered, long been slaves,
Too long the toy of tyrant knaves,
We rise and they must go!"
But thou, my country, Canada,
Heed not,—and grow!

Mark where the polestar glows above,
Steadfast, calm and bright,
Upon the brow of Night,
And beacons as the star of Love,
Of Hope, and Peace and Right.
Let this be thine exemplar now:
What part in anarchy hast thou
Where Freedom's lilies blow?
O thou, my country, Canada,
Be Pure,—and grow!

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

East calls to West and West to East
Across thy vast domain:

“Let peace our ways sustain;
Strife is the birthright of the beast,
But bonds of love constrain.
What people's heart is kind and pure,
That people's destiny is sure
And none can overthrow.”
O thou, my country, Canada,
Seek Peace,—and grow!

Thy fame has reached the Nations' ears;
They watch thee in amaze
Who knew thy weakling days,
And wonder at thy fruitful years
And thy swift, virile ways.
They know not yet the might thou hast;
They dream of glories that are past,
And deeds of long ago.
But thou, my country, Canada,
Be Strong,—and grow!

Yet if thou wouldst surpass in deeds,
Then read thy lineage
On History's vivid page,
And learn how they who sowed the seeds
Of thy great heritage
Pressed onward to the distant goal,

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

Staunch in those virtues of the soul
Earth's noblest only show.
O thou, my country, Canada,
Serve Faith,—and grow!

II.

EXORDIUM.

Nay, not as he obsessed by roseate dreams
Of Orient isles that bask 'neath glamorous skies
And wear the blazon of a paradise,—
A gorgeous land, far-off, whose murmuring streams
Make music soft and sweet as fairy bells
By fairy fingers rung in mossy dells:—
Nay, not as he, with these vain visions thrall'd,
Would I sing of a dream-land in the East,
But pure, and consecrated as a priest
Of pearly poesy, whom Love hath called,
I tune my lute to praise that ardent band
Whose Faith upbuilt a new Hesperian land,—
Great Canada, laved by the ancient mains,
And bounteous in ev'ry gift Earth yields,
All needful ores and products of the fields,
Unmeasured forests and all the sea contains:
A sturdy land that smiles above the snows,
A happy land that blossoms like the rose.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

III.

INVOCATION TO LOVE.

Now while I praise my country's noblest train,—
Bold Cartier, unbaffled by the seas,
Intrepid Champlain, Laval, Frontenac and these:
Brave Wolfe and Brock, and Drummond of Lundy's
Lane;
Those, too, who bound strange races in one cause
And reared a great Dominion ruled by genial laws,—
O Patriot Love,
Inspire me and sustain!

Guide my coarse fingers o'er my lute,
Their harshest harmonies transmute
To mellow music, and prolong
The unageing burden of my song!

FROM VOYAGER TO IMPERIALIST.

CARTIER: DAUNTLESS DISCOVERER.

(Sailed Westward, 1534, 1535, 1541.)

HAIL, Master Mariner of Sainte Malo!
Whose name hath been a star for centuries,
Why ventured thou thrice o'er tempestuous seas,
In ships antique and frail? Didst thou then know
The greater issue of thy bold emprise
And trust an unseen providential hand
To guide thee westward to an opulent land
Wherein a mighty nation would arise?

O bold Sea-Rover, instrument of God,
Whose occult purposes were wrought through thee,
A grateful people hail thy name, and laud
Thy dauntless spirit of discovery!
Thy glory sure, rest, Rover, rest, while blow
The winds in requiem round Sainte Malo.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

CHAMPLAIN : FIRST CANADIAN.

(Founded Quebec, 1608.)

WISE COLONIST who in this storied place,
With wisdom prescient of thy pregnant deed,
Cast forth the sparsate grains of fruitful seed,
Whence sprang a virile and a patriot race:
Thy aims were not to found a merchantry
Enthralled by vulgar gain; but thy just mind,
Inspired with love of thy benighted kind,
Raised here the throne of Christian empery.

Intrepid, constant, nobly pure and strong,—
First citizen of Canada's domain,—
Behold, this ancient city is thy fane
And thy compatriots raise thy name in song.
Look downward from thy lofty resting-place
And mark the regnancy of thy just ways.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

LAVAL: NOBLE EDUCATOR.

(Founded Quebec Seminary, 1663.)

LAVAL, High Priest of Knowledge, who first scann'd
The years to come, and saw the pow'rs that lay
Within the docile hearts thy truth should sway,—
Whose work is puissant still upon this land,—
Thou wast the Spirit's patient paragon
In those far, pristine, mercenary days
When thou alone wast master of the ways
That lead into the vale of Avalon.

Lo, now a people learned in all the arts
Greet thee to-day across the distant vale
Of Truth, where dwells obscure the Holy Grail.
And tho they commerce oft upon the marts
Of specious gain, they look beyond the mist
To thee, their first great Educationist.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

FRONTENAC:* STAUNCH WARRIOR.

(Held Canada intact, 1690-1697.)

INTREPID HEART, who midst a myriad ills
Of warfare 'gainst our Canada, stood fast,
And when her citizens had fled aghast,
Restored in them the fortitude that fills
The craven soul with courage to withstand,—
Then wast thou our strong bulwark and our law
When Yankee horde and vengeful Iroquois
Ensanguined ruthlessly our patriot land.

Staunch warrior and lord of strategy,
On us wait they who once sought to destroy;
They claim us now as brethren, and employ
The arts of peace to weld an unity;—
Stand firm we shall, Frontenac, upon thy ways
When thou held fast our land in elder days.

*Frontenac, pronounced somewhat as a dissyllable, Frontenac, with the "o" short as in the word "not."

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

WOLFE: ILLUSTRIOUS VICTOR.

(Destroyed the Old Regime, 1759.)

IMMORTAL HERO, Wolfe, too oft we laud
Thy deeds to whet our British vanity,
Tho deeper ken shows through thy victory
The all o'er-ruling providence of God.
Not England conquered; but the Holy Pow'r,—
Whose purposes were wiser than we dream,—
Had planned to generate a new regime
And made thy victory its travail-hour.

A grateful people, Hero, still to course
Adown the length'ning slopes of time shall praise
Thy prowess and thy death in lofty lays;
And should they also sing a mightier Force
Than England's arms, illustrious Victor! know
. Thy fame is sure while aeons come and go!

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

BROCK: VALIANT LEADER.

(Fell at Queenston Heights, 1812.)

O VALIANT leader of the little band
That, fearless, forward rushed to victory,
Tho far outnumbered by the enemy,
And, daring death, saved our Canadian land,—
What honors can we pay the noble name
Of one who held as naught th' invaders' art
Of war,—whose glory hath become a part
For evermore of our Canadian fame?

Lo, on the looming crown of that ascent
Where thy life ceased, a loyal host hath reared
To thee—whose patriot heart was pure, nor feared,—
A high commemorative monument!

Still is thy memory green who fell to save,
Still, Brock, art thou the bravest of our brave!

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

DRUMMOND: INDOMITABLE SOLDIER.

(Victor at Lundy's Lane, 1814.)

FROM SAFFRON dawn that lit the morning sky
Until the moon passed, blanching at the sight
Of fearful slaughter crying for respite,
Thy faithful forces heard thy battle cry
Above the stubborn, fierce, tumultuous sway
Of weltering lines. Then thy undaunted heart
Sustained thy heroes in their awful part
And glorified the sanguinary fray.

To us yon battleground is as a fane,
A holy place, a sacrificial spot
To thee and thy Canadian host who wrought
Immortal warrior deeds at Lundy's Lane;
And thine own glory, Drummond, gleameth far,
Undimmed and constant as the purest star.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

RYERSON: RENOWNED EDUCATOR.

(Founded Canada's Public School System, 1846.)

WISE SON of Canada, whose prescient sight
Pierced to the secret of the freeman's power
And who secured th' inalienable dower
That is a free-born people's surest right,
Thy spirit wrestled with the task begun
For that great end on which thy heart was set,
Strife could not hinder thee nor could chance fret
Thy soul to cease until thy work was done.

What dreams, made real, have wrought since thy first sway
Is only part of thine inventive view
In those poor days when none about thee knew
What potencies within thy labors lay.

We greet thee, Ryerson, whose gracious laws
Now rule our country's educational cause.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

HOWE: CHAMPION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT

(Triumphed in the People's Cause, 1847.)

GREAT SON of Canada, who in the day
When thine own people had no rightful choice
In sane self-government, thy faithful voice
Was heard above the wild and raucous fray
Exalting, undismayed, the people's cause.
Undaunted always in the fitful strife,
Thou gavest, Howe, the best fruits of thy life
To stablish in thy land benignant laws.

What glory can we add to thy bright name?
Shall our belated plaudits, falling now
On hardened ears, exalt thy star-like brow,
Or bring one tittle to thy fadeless fame?
Great soul, who brought thy people liberty,
Rest where thou liest by the suaging Sea!

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

MACDONALD: GREAT CONFEDERATIONIST.

(First Premier of the Dominion of Canada, 1867.)

MACDONALD, tho thy soul hath passed away
From wonted wolds in our Canadian land,
Where thou wast chiefest of the fervid band
That sought to give the people fullest sway
O'er their own destiny, thy spirit goes
Triumphant in this Canada of ours
Resplendent now before the elder Pow'rs
Who mark how virile our young nation grows!

Thy wisdom was the vision of a seer
Who knew the meaning of the pregnant days
Which gen'rous Time should father into ways
For unity. To us thy name is dear
Who brought forth from the womb of dissonance
This great Dominion's best inheritance.

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

LAURIER: PROPHETIC IMPERIALIST.

(Eighth Premier of the Dominion of Canada, 1896-1911.)

O PATRIOT Empire-builder who foresaw
The wide expanses of our opulent land
Grown populous, and forthwith nobly plann'd
A Canada imperial—No law
Save that which only lofty minds obey
Controlled thy deeds and kept thee unafraid
Before thine enemies till thou hadst laid
The sane foundations of our onward way.

What paeans from us can do thee honor now,
Since Time exalts thy golden prophecy
Of our great nationhood that is to be?
Lo, Sire, upon thy pure, high, vatic brow—
E'en tho thy Life's Sun, westering, declines,—
The Star of Statesmanship refulgent shines!

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

EPILOGUE.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.

O CANADA, the sweep of empire rolls athwart
Thy broad, abounding lands, prefiguring the part
Which thou must take unswervingly!
On east and west the conscious seas reverberate
Their far-resounding theme: "Thy future way lies
straight;
Achieve thy fated destiny!"

Too long the Earth hath waited for the genial hour
When justful Time should set the King of Righteous
Pow'r,
With Peace, as Queen, upon the throne!
Mark how the saddened throngs who never knew the
reign
Of kindly Law and Plenty flock to thy domain;
Take them as children for thine own!

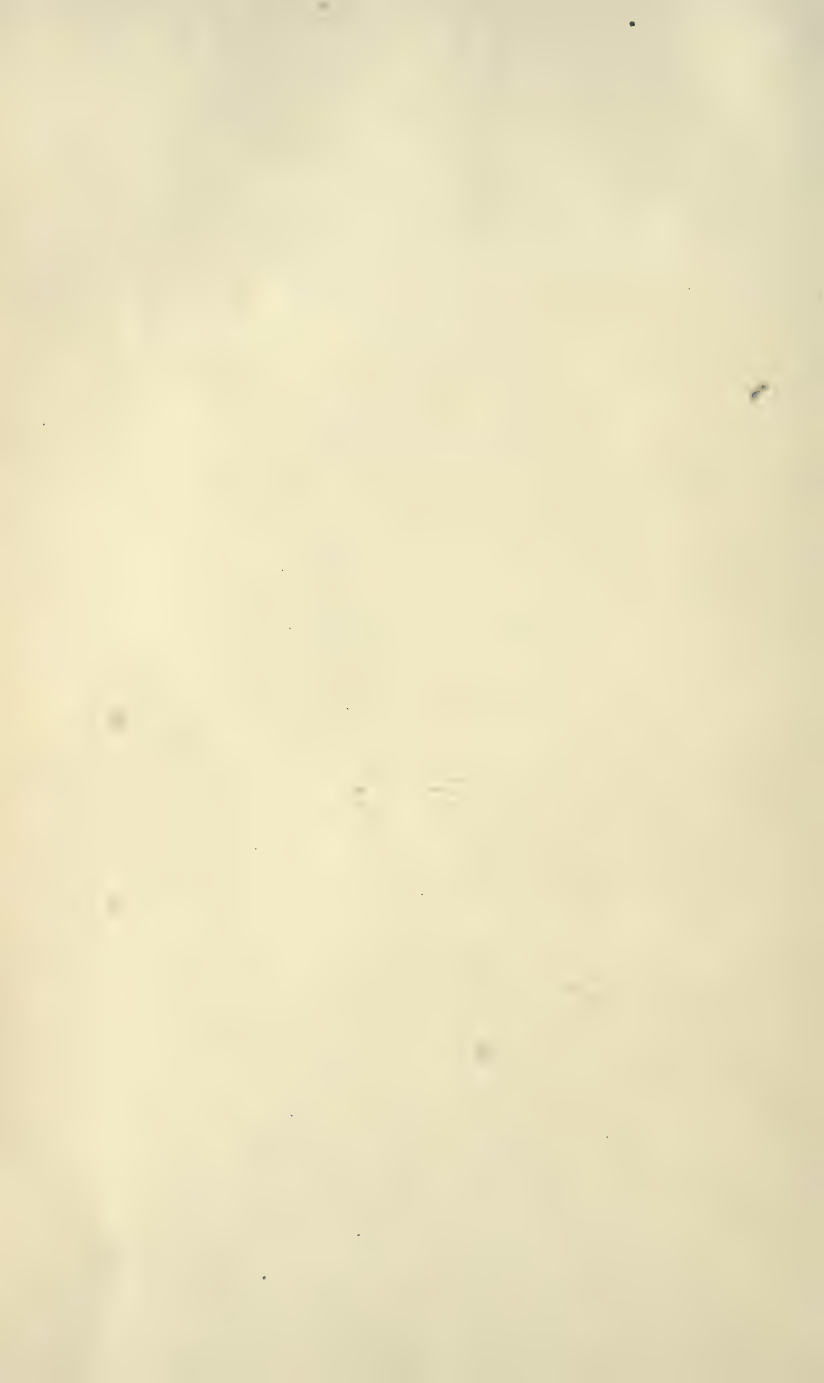
Give them thy vital succor hence, that they may grow
To manhood's fullest stature; teach them soon to know
The acme of the human kind!
What boots it tho thy hospitable lands sustain
Ten thousand thousand hosts, if they shall never gain
The pure possessions of the Mind?

Songs of the Makers of Canada.

Turn not, as avaricious nations in the past,
To thrall of Riches and the rule of Might: at last
 Relentless Fate wrought out their fall.
Choose thou, O Canada, the spiritual plan:
So shalt thou rear a new-bred, sov'reign race of Man,—
 High-destin'd and imperial!



HOMELAND LYRICS.



LAND BLEST WITH YOUTH.

An Ode for Thanksgiving Day.

LAND blest with youth and strength, with wealth and
peace—

These are thy dower with which to rear a realm
Where men shall own their full enfranchisement
In recompense for purer purposes
Than elder empires' sordid gluttonies.

These are senescent now. The frosts of Fate
Have touched their Tree of Life: the blighted leaves
Are dropping swift and yellowing in decay
Autumnal:—and in His own time Who plans
The universal destiny and doom,
Profoundest glacial snows shall cover them
And no requick'ning sun shall rise to melt
Their gelid grave. Forever they shall lie
Wrapt up in silence in their lethal bed.

But thou, young Titan of the West, whose years
Are leafy yet, thy branches full of sap,
And green already with Life's ampler deeds,
Give thanks, this day, for thy predestined task!
For He whose throne is ev'rywhere, and guides
The courses of the million million worlds,

Homeland Lyrics.

Hath consecrated thee—thy youth and strength,
Thy peace and gifts of earthly plenitude—
To service for our race—disquieted
By Mammon's crew—till we at length behold
The Dayspring of the Brotherhood of Man.

Give thanks, and trust thy sons, O Canada—
Their prayers are with thee and their present deeds
Are fateful of the nobler race to come!
E'en now upon thy brow the radiance shines
Of lofty Statehood, unassoiled and free,
While unseen hands unfold thy destiny.

CHAMPLAIN HEARS THE CALL.

I.

LONG have we, Minstrels, sung vainglorious lays
Of warfare and destructive deeds, and long
Our themes have been of what we are and what
We shall be when our argosies have passed
To every mart and come, like laden bees
Returning home, with wealth from orient lands.

Enlarge we now our theme and sing of him
Who first made pregnant the waiting womb of fate,
Begetting where his ancient city stands
The lusty Child which patient Time hath made
Parental of a people yet to be
The world's predestined ministers of Peace.

Homeland Lyrics.

II.

Lo! at the cruel cadence of the year
When all the land was carpeted with snows,
A star shot flaming across the northern skies
Portentous of a passing soul that had
No soilure from the murky crew of men
Who wrought with him. Avid of gain were they,
And thus they lived their futile years and died!

But he, when his life's dayspring dawned within,
Heard on the inward ear, in solemn tune,
The august choir of myriad streams and plains
And woods and winds—the whole, wide, mighty land
And aborigines all chorusing
In unison: "Come unto us," they sang;
"Long have we been unknown, and are unseen,
Save by the wild beasts searching for their prey
And by those far-off immemorial eyes
That flock the heavens and shepherd us at night,—
Come, Sire, and build a new Hesperia here,—
A city in the West, cast as a seed
On consecrated soil. So shalt thou raise
A patriot people, and spread from sea to sea
The holy pow'r of Christian empery!"

III.

He came whose heart was stauncher than the walls
Of his famed city which he built. And there
He wrought his inextinguishable deeds,
Whose soul was whiter than the Christmas snows

Homeland Lyrics.

That shrouded all the land at his demise.
So heard Champlain the call and wrought and passed:
His city is God's acre for his bones;
A happy people, his vast monument!

THE OVER-SONG OF NIAGARA.

WHY stand ye, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall?
Are ye alone the playthings of the fates,
And only ye o'ershadowed with a pall?
Turn from this spectacle of strength unbound—
This fearful force that spends itself in folly!
Turn ye and hark above the organ-sound
My Over-song of Melancholy!

*"I rush and roar
Along my shore,—
I go sweeping, thundering on;
Yet my days, O man,
Are but as a span,
And soon shall my strength be gone!
My times are measured
In whose hand I am treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
Though I rush and roar
Along my shore,
I am passing away—
Passing away!*

Homeland Lyrics.

*"The sun and the moon
They too shall soon
Sink back into eternal Night :
All earth and the sea
Shall cease to be,
And the stars shall melt in their flight!
Their times are measured
In whose hand they are treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
The celestial throng
Chant my Over-song,—
' Passing away,—
Passing away!'"*

Then stand not, nurslings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall :
Not ye alone are playthings of the fates,
Nor only ye o'ershadowed with a pall !

But hark to my song
As I sweep along,
Thundering my organ-tone—
"O vain is all Life,
O vain is all Strife,
And fruitless the Years that have flown!
As the Worst; so the Best—
All haste to their rest
In the void of the Primal Unknown."

O LOST CANADIAN SINGER!

(William Henry Drummond, Sovereign of Joy and Prince
of Tears: Entered Elysium April 6th, 1907.)

O LOST Canadian Singer of winsome lays,
How farest thou along the Elysian ways,—
Art thou companionless as we
And sorrowing?

This April day we hear the caroling
Of songsters on the tree,
But no new note from thee
To us shall come:

For lo! the time is genial Spring
When the Bird of Life begins to sing
His joyous matins and his praise
Of Earth growing lovelier with the April days,—
But thine own lips are dumb!

O gentle heart, we wonder if thou farest happily
With Homer and the Attic strain,
With Milton and the Tragic train,
Or with those warblers of sweet poesy
Whose song is as the loveliest notes
That ever rose from bird-like throats,—
Short, plaintive lays of kind humanity?

Homeland Lyrics.

Howe'er thou farest, we grieve this April day,
When Death called to thee and thou went'st away.
Yet if thou hearest our low lament,
Thou smilest, poet, and art content:—
No graven pillar, no frescoed coronal,
But thine own music, sweet and magical,
Shall be, as now, thy best memorial
And lasting monument.

O lost Canadian Singer, Canadian hearts are true:
They hail thee o'er the void:—"Bonne nuit, Adieu!"

A CANTICLE OF MORTALITY.

Deireadh gach comuinn, sgaoileadh; deireadh gach cogaidh,
sith ("The end of all meetings, parting; the end of all striving, peace").—*From the Gaelic.*

WE knew him well in life, and many a day
He passed us on his way,
With cheery greeting, to and fro;
But now he lay
Pondering the saffron sun sink low
Behind the blue-grey hills.
We thought to hear him murmur of the ills
Our humankind must know
From day to day;
And with his parting breath deny
The plentitude
Of earthly good.

Homeland Lyrics.

But he whose hour had come to die
 Turned on his latest bed
 And blithely said:
“If one should miss me, friends, and ask if I am dead,
 Let no regretful tears bedim your eye:
 Just smile!
 And say that I’ve gone on ahead awhile.

“Tears are the unwelcome gift of those whose sight
 Discerns not through the shrouding night
 The glory of the God-sent light
 Of that immortal sun
 Which shines o’er Avalon,*—
 Fair paradisal home where they who fly
 Man’s mortal days live ever on
 And tread
 In larger ways; and there shall I
 Wait, friends, for you
 Till your own life be through.

But should one miss me soon, and ask if I am dead,
 Let no regretful tears bedim your eye:
 Just smile!
 And say that I’ve gone on ahead awhile!”

*Gaelic, Abhlan, an orchard or garden; Paradise in Keltic mythology.

Homeland Lyrics.

TO A CITY-EDITOR.

(Walter Percy Bretz.)

ALERT while others wait for thy command,
Awake when others seek the boon of sleep,
Active with pencil, that ever seems to leap
Across the page, in thy untiring hand,
Thou carest not—when in the early hour
Thy rapid eye each folio reviews,—
That none else knows the deft display of news
Was wrought by thine adroitest skill and pow'r.

Yet, paragon of prescience and of strength,
Obscurely toiling day and night to tell
The passing story of the new-born days,
What tho remorseless Time destroy at length
Thy puissance, ever on thy brow shall dwell
The Victor's wreath of green immortal bays.

TO A SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR.

(Frank S. Welsman.)

Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.

Difficult is the ascent from earth to heaven.—Seneca.

Who knows the Will that dwells in modest minds,—
Their wise prevision and their pow'r to do
Gigantic labours patiently, soon finds,
With vatic eye that sees the future through

Homeland Lyrics.

His inextinguishable trust sustained
By sheer accomplishment, despite dismay
On part of those in whose smug souls ne'er reigned
The governance of Art, and Beauty's sway.

Thus when I first beheld thee and thy band,
With sure prophetic sense could I divine
That only love of Beauty moved thy wand,
And soon a seat on Music's throne were thine.

Brave heart, the years have wrought their vict'ry now;
The fates are with thee and the people bow!

TO A VIOLIN VIRTUOSA.

(Miss Kathleen Parlow.)

WHAT shall we name thee, winsome Melodist?
For tho thy form was born, as ours, of earth,
Thy subtile soul seems not of mortal birth,
But stilled by some celestial Alchemist.

Whence thy consummate Art whose dulcet spell
Is more entrancing far than elfin lutes,
Than silvery tinklings trilled from fairy flutes
And avian serenades from Philomel?

Whate'er thou art, or whence thy witchery,
Thy music, as fond visions in the night,
Brings us dear dreams of beauty and delight,
And heals our hearts with its sweet eucrasy!

Homeland Lyrics.

MY SCOTIA BY THE SEA!

(A Song of a Gael for his Canadian Homeland.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—One of the psychological characteristics of the Kelt is his intense love of place, virtually a passion. I remark this only because it will explain my using Gaelic phrases (a refrain) in the following verses. Under this passion the Gael will conceive his country and birthplace in terms of personal endearment, such as mother and child, lover and beloved. In the text the Gaelic phrase, "*A gradh geal mo chroidhe*," which is pronounced somewhat like "*Aw graw gal mo cree*," means, "*O bright love of my heart*." I thus figure the native son of Nova Scotia conceiving his homeland as his most loved object, the unchanged mother. On the other hand, the phrase, "*A cuishle mo chroidhe*," which is pronounced "*Aw cushla mo cree*," means, "*O vein of my heart*." And surely this is appropriate, since the loyal and true native son in exile must be, literally, a vein right out of the heart of the motherland. And so, when I hear the streams and uplands and plains of my homeland calling me, the Gaelic phrase has a peculiar emotional and poetic value not to be got from any other phrase,—"*Come home, acushla!—vein of my heart!*"

O SCOTIA, my Scotia, laved by Atlantic tides,
Though alien lands still hold me, my heart with thee
abides:

They woo me like a lover, but I answer wistfully,—

"I want to be in Scotia,

(*A gradh geal mo chroidhe*),

In the homeland of my childhood,

My Scotia by the Sea!"

Homeland⁹¹ Lyrics.

O Scotia, my Scotia, lapped in Acadian airs,
How magical the glamor thy golden summer wears:
While treading sad gray cities, I cry out longingly,—

“I would I were in Scotia,
(*A gradh geal mo chroidhe*),
In the bright land of my boyhood,
Fair Scotia by the Sea!”

O Scotia, my Scotia, tho swept by frigid snows,
Thy rigors taught thy sturdy sons to fear no earthly foes:
Oft when the stress goes hardest, I laugh exultingly,—

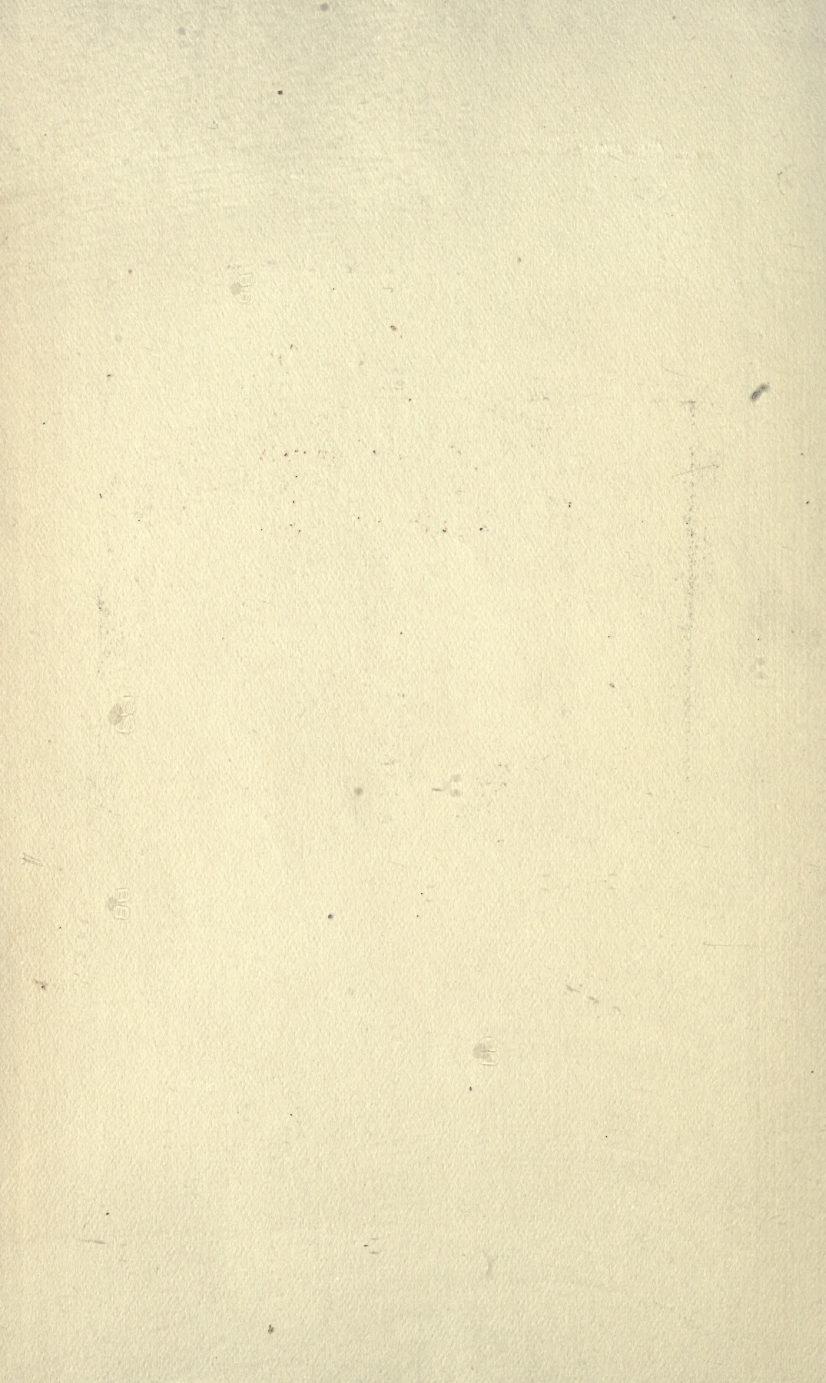
“What son is there of Scotia
(*A gradh geal mo chroidhe*)
Forgets the brave land of his manhood,
Strong Scotia by the Sea?”

O Scotia, my Scotia, girt by the opal main,
I love thy lochs and rivers, each upland and each plain:
I hear them in my dreaming, still calling, calling me,—

“Come home, come home, a cuishle,
(*A cuishle mo chroidhe!*)
Come back to thine own homeland,
Thy Scotia by the Sea.”







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